

## My Crown 1751

### Chapter 1751: Do You Want This Young Sir to Step In?

Yet Young Sir Ding gestured for his men to step in. Several guards unsheathed their swords and directed them at Family Head Kou.

As long as he made a rash move, the guards' swords would not show him mercy.

Seeing that the situation was spinning out of his control, he had no other choice. With a flick of his sleeves, he sternly reprimanded Qiao Mu and her group, "You're lucky that the Qianluo Underground Battle Arena is safeguarding you today! But let me see who will still be protecting you when you leave this underground battle arena."

Qiao Mu swept him a glance before looking up at Young Sir Ding. She deadpanned, "This person has completely no regard for you by spouting such arrogant words in your underground battle arena. Will you tolerate him walking out of the arena?"

Kou Dehai was staggered by this, and his expression instantly stiffened.

His gaze simply looked like he was going to devour her.

Will this d\*mn lass really not get beaten to death for instigating Young Sir Ding like this in his face?

Young Sir Ding smiled extremely amiably. "If Qiaogiao doesn't want him to, this young sir will give the order to eradicate him."

"You dare do that to the patriarch of the Kou Clan? You're not afraid that your battle arena will get uprooted?"

Young Sir Ding jeered, "It's just a tiny Kou Clan. Even if this young sir kills him, no one will listen to him in the palace of the King of Hell."

Qiao Mu gave an "oh" and did not say anymore.

Young Sir Ding raised an eyebrow. "Do you want this young sir to step in?"

Qiao Mu didn't utter a sound.

She wasn't so dumb that she would tell him to kill the guy!

If she even made so much as a grunt, wouldn't that mean she would owe this Ding person a favor?

You've got to be kidding. Was it that easy to obtain a favor from her?

'This was just the patriarch of a tiny Kou Clan. If she didn't want him to live, she could do the deed herself. It simply didn't require someone else at all.

Young Sir Ding sighed upon seeing her keep mum. "Sigh! Qiaoqiao still doesn't trust me."

Qiao Mu harrumphed. Trust?

Did the word “trust” characterize him?

How could she trust a prodigal who frequented the pleasure quarters?

Young Sir Ding winked at her. “Actually, if we interact more, you will know that I am actually a good person!”

Qiao Mu responded with a sarcastic laugh, but she did not say anymore. She just impatiently waved her petite hand, indicating that he shouldn’t bother her and keep her from watching the competition. Granted, most of the matches on stage were so boring that they made her sleepy.

Luckily, there were one or two out of the ten matches on stage that were rather engrossing.

For that reason, Qiao Mu felt that the bunch of people around them were eyesores. She just wanted them to quickly chase them out of there.

Kou Dehai involuntarily got infuriated when he saw them talking while ignoring him completely.

He had originally planned to capture Qiao Mu and them today. Even if that didn’t work out, he would get the antidote from her.

Yet not only did he not get a single thing done, he even had to suffer a bellyful of anger for no reason. This made Kou Dehai extremely chagrined.

“Young Sir.” At this time, Tang Cheng had walked up to Young Sir Ding and respectfully handed him a checklist.

Young Sir Ding shook it open and stated unhurriedly, “Family Head Kou, your disciples wrecked two rows of seats and also caused a bunch of ugly dents and ruts in the floor. Even if this young sir hires someone to fix that, I would require spirit currency.”

“According to the checklist, these items you wrecked are worth 84,56 spirit currency. This young sir won’t count the small change and will just charge you 8000..”

## **Chapter 1752: Who Needs His Help**

Family Head Kou’s expression was very entertaining!

His face flickered between green, white, and then black. His eyes were practically about to shoot fire from the way he stared at Young Sir Ding.

“What? Do you object to this compensation?” Young Sir Ding smiled and clapped his hands once. “Tang Cheng.”

“This subordinate is present.” Manager Tang quickly strode up with a lowered head. All of a sudden, he shook off his outer robe and ripped off his shirt, revealing his ripped muscles. A powerful spiritual energy also erupted from his body.

Everyone could sense the might of a level-nine spiritual cultivator.

Everybody couldn't help but be stupefied!

This Qianluo Underground Battle Arena really possessed undeniable strength!

Even an obscure manager had the strength of a level-nine spiritual cultivator.

No wonder no one dared to make trouble in the Qianluo Underground Battle Arena even after so long.

It wasn't for no reason that everybody was in awe of the Qianluo Underground Battle Arena.

Everyone silently shut their mouths and waited for the subsequent events to unfold.

By now, Family Head Kou's expression had already turned extremely ugly. After a long moment of bafflement, he yanked out a heavy sack of spirit currency from his inner world and slammed it on a nearby chair. He then turned to the group of Kou Clan disciples and shouted, "We're leaving!" Qi Xuanxuan frowned and muttered "pitiful" under her breath.

So in the end, this Family Head Kou crazily barged into the underground battle arena just to give away eight thousand spirit currency to this Young Sir Ding!

Qiao Mu cast a look at that Family Head Kou before focusing her gaze on stage again.

Young Sir Ding gazed at her guilelessly. He then spoke to Manager Tang quietly before leaving with his group of men.

Qiao Mu turned around in slight surprise and looked in the direction he left in.

"What's up?" Qi Xuanxuan asked.

Duanmu Qing couldn't help but comment, "This young sir has helped Qiaoqiao a lot."

Ding Yun had instructed Manager Tang to deal with Family Head Kou and his men just now. Even though his voice was not loud, Qiao Mu and Duanmu Qing naturally were able to catch his words with their hearing abilities.

At this, Qiao Mu couldn't help but harrumph at this. She said pridefully, "Who needs his help."

Qi Xuanxuan laughed involuntarily. "Qiaoqiao, why do you dislike that young sir?"

Even though she didn't have much interaction with Ding Yun, this Young Sir Ding looked like a decent person. He seemed to have a rather mild temperament too.

However, Qiaogiao more or less had some kind of beef with the people she didn't like.

She guessed that this Young Sir Ding had deeply offended Qiaoqiao in the past?

Qiao Mu didn't not respond to this. After a while, she declared crisply, "Even if he helped us chase away this despicable Kou Dehai, I won't show mercy when it comes to making money." In other words, he couldn't give her one less cent in her payout from her wager!

Qi Xuanxuan promptly nodded. "Of course!"

She wondered if that Young Sir Ding was going to cry from his loss at that time!

“I at most tip him two hundred spirit currency.” Miss Qiao’s miserly side immediately surfaced with this statement.

On the side, the little fatty couldn’t help but twitch his mouth. However, he still shook his head sincerely. “If you tip him, then we won’t need to right.”

Duanmu Qing:

What kind of teammates was this lot!

‘As they chatted, the staff members in front of the stone crystal display announced Team Longan’s name.

Ma Ta’s group immediately rushed onto stage. Their opponents just so happened to be the Team Frog that had lost to Team Gadfly.

Team Frog vs. Team Longan. The atmosphere once again got lit..

### **Chapter 1753: The Call of the Starry Sky**

“Dao Wuji will be fine right?” The Peony Immortal couldn’t help but remark.

Yet the Ginkgo Immortal, who was still struck by love, unconsciously responded, “His looks are ordinary, so his life or death is of no matter to us. Sister, why are you worrying about him?”

The Peony Immortal was unable to respond. She had locked up Dao Wuji for so long after all, so she had just made this comment in passing.

The Luo Brothers exchanged glances.

Dao Wuji’s looks weren’t that bad right!

It’s just that he was indeed a bit lacking compared to their boss and Feng Chen.

But he shouldn’t be left to die just because “his looks were ordinary’.

Feng Chen was rather curious now. “What mystic beast did Dao Wuji encounter that he still hasn’t come out even after such a long time?”

The Little Despot harrumphed, “He’s such a wishy-washy scaredy-cat. It would not be strange even if he were to die in the Punishment Tower.”

‘When the Little Despot recalled how this person kept wavering back and forth in front of the doors earlier, he couldn’t resist berating, “D\*mn sissy!”

Everyone: “...”

Did Dao Wuji look like a sissy? In contrast, the Little Despot himself was as pretty as a little girl. His lips were red, his teeth white, and his face charming.

At least Dao Wuji could be considered a well-built man. It really was shocking to hear the Little Despot call him d\*mn sissy!

“He doesn’t look like a sissy, but he acts like a sissy!” The Little Despot gave a rare explanation. “Indecisive like a sissy.”

He looked down on him very much!

Feng Chen smiled. “Little Despot, you are a great judge of people’s character.”

The Little Despot’s face darkened, and he yelled at Feng Chen, “Don’t speak to this old man like how you would coax a child! You have to respect your elders!!”

Everybody turned silent and selectively ignored his protest.

‘As they chatted, their group entered the 17th level and got submerged in darkness.

Accurately speaking, they didn’t just get submerged in darkness.

The area above their heads, below their feet, and in front of their eyes was a vast, starry sky.

Those stars sparkled in the night sky like tiny diamonds, extremely dazzling and resplendent.

Mo Lian was astonished. He felt like he had stepped among the stars. Everything in his sight was a vast, starlit sky that stretched on without end.

What was the significance of this level?

What was this boundless starry sky telling him to seek?

Crown Prince Mo was confused for a moment.

He just stared at that unending starry sky before slowly walking forward.

He saw the stars sparkling and shifting unpredictably, and they would momentarily form one constellation before turning into another one in the next second.

In the depths of the sea of stars, he even seemed to make out a slim figure who was running forward with a fluttering skirt.

He quickly chased after her.

However, that figure was so obscure of an apparition that it seemed to have melted into this sea of stars. He was unable to catch up to it all at once.

Hence, he could only dash forward.

The more he chased, the further he felt the distance between them grew.

‘That figure in the depths of the sea of stars seemed to be out of reach all along.

His heart inexplicably got irritable.

Meanwhile, inside a certain room on the 16th level.

A certain person who was hanging upside down from a branch as fodder was currently screaming his head off. "Hey! Is anybody there? Can someone come here!"

Please, can you all stop fooling around?

### **Chapter 1754: So Miniscule**

He felt like if things went on like this, this giant morning glory was going to gradually sap away all his vitality.

Soon, he would become one of these dried-up humans once the giant morning glory sapped away his vitality!

How could he allow that to happen?

He, Dao Wuji, wasn't one of those people who resigned himself to fate.

No matter what, he had to stake it all to survive!

With a motion of his divine conscious, an item suddenly popped out from his inner world.

He had saved this venerable immortal realm sacred energy bead as his life-saving trump card. After all, he had spent an astronomical amount to bid on it back then! His heart couldn't help but ache every time he recalled this.

However, it didn't matter how much his heart ached after he spent the money.

Moreover, it would be a worthy investment if this amount of money could save his life!

But there was only one thing. The sacred energy bead did not distinguish between friend and foe when it exploded.

It was impossible for him to evade in the current situation. Therefore, he would naturally get implicated if he was to hurl the sacred energy bead over.

But at the present moment, he had no more choices.

He was already down to the point where he had to risk his life on it!

The victor lives, while the loser dies!

Dao Wuji raised his hand with difficulty. He channeled all the sacred energy he could muster into this high-rank sacred energy bead.

Soon, the sound of a huge explosion came from inside this small room.

However, Mo Lian and company were naturally unable to hear it.

At this moment, they were all trapped among the stars and involuntarily ran toward the depths of the starry sky.

—Ms. Author’s section break—

Twenty days later.

A series of angry beast roars came from the Qianluo Underground Battle Arena’s center stage.

The struggle for points had already reached a fever pitch.

The first place shown on the stone crystal display was Team Gadfly. This team scored smooth victories without meeting a worthy opponent.

They had also participated in the open challenge early on and had obtained a portion of their points through team matches.

Therefore, the current first-place Team Gadfly has already obtained a total of 906 points.

As for Qiao Mu’s Team Lychee, their points were at 898, making them second place overall for the moment.

Of these 898 points, Qiao Mu had obtained 720 points after winning the open challenge for 20 days straight.

Up until now, Qiao Mu fought 38 matches in these past 20 days, which had broken the previous arena kings’ records.

Qiao Mu had basically hogged the title of “arena king” ever since the second day of the competition.

Because Team Longan didn’t participate in the open challenge, they only earned 306 points so far no matter how hard they worked their butts off. Their ranking didn’t put them in the top 50 either.

This group of pitiful children had to fight in ten matches each day. Not only would they be dead tired each day, but the arena was also so stingy with their points.

Seeing that Ma Ta’s team looked rather pitiful, Qiao Mu told them, “If we earn more than a thousand points, we’ll split some with you guys.”

Hearing this, Ma Ta immediately blubbered from joy.

They even went to the service counter to inquire with the ladies there about this.

‘When those two ladies realized that Qiao Mu’s Team Lychee wanted to transfer points to Team Longan, they looked at the latter as if they were idiots.

It was just as if Qiao Mu’s group was doing a ridiculously stupid deed.

Who didn’t know how difficult it was to obtain points in the underground battle arena?

Yet someone wanted to transfer their points? What would this person be if not an idiot?

Qiao Mu naturally wasn’t going to transfer points to Ma Ta’s team right now, and they returned after inquiring how to make the transfer.

Ma Ta’s team had originally been agnozing over their lack of points. Now that they had glimpsed a ray of light, it was needless to say how grateful they were to Miss Qiao.

She was simply their life-saving straw!

## Chapter 1755 I Only Did It in Passing, So Don't Overthink It...

This little 1:

had helped them big time.

'They didn't want to continue slaving away in this battle arena for points to go home even after they had been working their butts off for a month!

Hell knows if the mentors would punish them with another assignment if they didn't complete this time's mission!

Qiao Mu had it easygoing in her small arena stage battles now. Excluding the first couple of days when people were challenging her in droves, basically no one dared to come challenge her these past few days.

It was for no reason other than Miss Qiao's mood swings. When she was in a good mood, she would play along with the other party for some practice.

But when she was in a bad mood and also just so happened to encounter an eyesore, then sorry! She just took out a handful of spiritual weapons straightaway to detonate!

'The spectators had been keeping count. A conservative estimate was that Miss Qiao had detonated around ten handfuls of spiritual weapons.

In the end, the battle aren:

Manager ang dispatched men over to the small arena stage every day to reinforce its defensive layer so as to protect the innocent from harm

What could you say to such a nouveau riche?

Even if you couldn't provoke her, you could avoid her right!

Just as Qiao Mu took her seat, she saw someone hurry over and bow respectfully to her. "Miss Qiao."

"Manager Zhu." Qiao Mu nodded.

'This middle-aged man, Zhu Zeng, was the senior manager of the Zhu Clan, which was one of the three great patrician families of Wengka City.

Qiao, the family head has sent this humble one to inquire if you have the time to conduct a check-up with my family's young sir at the Zhu Clan after today's competitions conclude."

Qiao Mu glanced at the matches for the next round and saw that most of the matches had pretty much concluded for the day. Thus, she responded with a nod,

"Yes." Manager Zhu was ecstatic. He promptly cupped his hands and tactfully retreated to the side to avoid bothering Qiao Mu.

Speaking of which, this little lady was the one who had saved the only son of the patriarch of the Zhu Clan.

We would have to start the story from twenty days ago.

After You Batian failed to swindle Family Head Zhu of the blood vermilion fruit, he sent people to encircle and seize it from the latter.

However, the little lady encountered them in the middle and rescued them in passing.

When she heard that Family Head Zhu possessed a sacred herb that he did not know how to use, everything afterwards happened naturally as a matter of course.

Consequently, the entire Zhu Clan treated Qiao Mu as their great savior who had given them a new lease on life.

This was not only because she had rescued Family Head Zhu, but also because she had cured their family's only heir of his congenital illness:

Even though the result could be attributed to the sacred-rank panacea's extraordinary effects, but the little lady played a crucial part too. 'There was simply no one in the entire Zhu Clan that knew how to utilize this blood vermilion fruit, so it might not even be effective if they just fed it to Young Sir Zhu.

But in reality, the people of the Zhu Clan were too simple-minded.

'The little lady didn't rescue Family Head Zhu in passing.

It was because when they coincidentally encountered Family Head Zhu being pursued, the sapling Qiuqiu shouted, "That person has the scent of the blood vermilion fruit."

'Therefore, she ran over to help and rescue him "in passing!"

After the little stoic got her hands on the blood vermilion fruit, she claimed that she needed to nurture it for two days before it could be used since it had previously been stored improperly.

As a result, she very naturally transplanted this sacred herb into her Paradise Planet's medicinal garden! It was not necessary to use the blood vermilion fruit to alter Young Sir Zhu's constitution. It would simply be tantamount to cracking a nut with a sledgehammer.

The outer flesh of this blood vermilion fruit could improve one's constitution and prolong life, while the greatest use of the inner kernel was to

assist one in grasping spiritual roots.

Ordinary people were most likely unaware of this fact. Even she, herself, had only learned this from Long Chuyun's manuscripts.

In consideration of the Zhu Clan offering a blood vermilion fruit as tribute, the little stoic took great pains to cure Young Sir Zhu's congenital illness! .

## Chapter 1756 Vi

olent Little Doctor

Not only did she nurse his body with sacred water, she even racked her brains to prescribe the most suitable meridian-nursing pill for him.

She even reluctantly gave Young Sir Zhu three taels of spiritual tea. It was for him to drink regularly in order to properly nourish his physical constitution.

In this way, Young Sir Zhu was nursed back to a rosy complexion after twenty days. Compared to his past sickly condition, his present healthy and active condition was many times better than before.

Even though Young Sir Zhu was still unable to practice martial arts at present, at least his body was slowly getting nursed back to full health.

As long as he persisted in this treatment, he would definitely be able to practice martial arts in three years.

Back when his body was weak, he could only lament at his powerlessness. Even though he possessed mystic meridians, he could not amass any mystic energy. However, his body was different after being nursed to health.

He could cultivate whenever he wanted. Meanwhile, his body would only be getting stronger as time passed.

Zhu Xu took a deep breath.

When Qiao Mu walked in, she saw Young Sir Zhu leaning against the windowsill with only a thin jacket over his shoulders.

“Come over!” Young Sir Zhu obediently got down from the windowsill and ran over with Miss Qiao’s order.

‘The two maidservants that accompanied her kept their heads and eyes down. Even though their mouths were twitching, they could now keep their calm at this unexpected sight.

When they recalled how Miss Qiao’s first reaction upon coming to diagnose the young sir was to roll up her sleeves and beat him up violently... what could they say?

‘Their young sir originally did not have much of a will to live, yet the violent lady beat this will to live back into him.

Cough, even though Family Head Zhu’s heart ached a lot when he saw his son get beaten violently, he had nothing to say when he saw that the result was so effective!

“Qiaogiao, what did you bring me today to play with?” Not only was Young Sir Zhu around the same age as Qiao Mu, he even had a natural baby face.

As his complexion got better by the day, his rosy face now gave him a youthful adorableness.

'The first time Qiao Mu saw him, Young Sir Zhu was leaning lifelessly against the windowsill. He was wallowing in self-pity as he looked out at the lake, without the spirit of a man at all. After she felt his pulse and wrote down a prescription with instructions for him, he only weakly responded with a lack of vitality that was barely better than a corpse.

But what kind of explosive temper did Miss Qiao have?

'This great aunt personally came to treat you on

unt of that sacred herb, yet how dare you treat her so standoffishly without a care in the world? It was obvious that he lacked a beating!

Beat him up!

Young Sir Zhu bawled at this beating, but he also became a lot more docile...

'This innately debilitated young sir had been protected by Family Head Zhu from young, so when had he ever seen such a violent doctor!

"L bought two amusing masks when I pas

ed by a stall today. Do you want them?"

"Mhm mhm mhm."

Because Young Sir Zhu was confined indoors all year long, he was curious about everything from the outside world.

Never mind a mask, he would even hold a lump of dog poop in his hands and admire it all day if you gave it to him.

After performing a check-up, Qiao Mu glanced at a certain person who was engrossed with the masks in his hands. She grunted, "I'm leaving."

"Hey Qiaogiao, don't leave just yet!" Young Sir Zhu hastily pleaded, "Tomorrow night is the annual Chrysanthemum Carnival. How about you take me out for a stroll?"

Qiao Mu turned around and gave him a spurious smile.

Young Sir Zhu couldn't help but be a bit embarrassed and rambled with a light cough, "That uhm, if you don't give the word, my dad definitely won't let me go out."

After being confined inside the Zhu Residence for so many years, he felt like he was going to waste away!

### **Chapter 1757 Chrysanthemum Carnival**

Even if it was just going outside like normal people, for him it was just an extravagant hope.

How was this not a cause of depression?

Qiao Mu patted his head. "Since your body is gradually getting better, it's not a problem to go out for fresh air."

"Really?" Young Sir Zhu's baby face instantly glowed brightly.

"I'll also introduce some friends to you?"

"Okay, okay!!" Young Sir Zhu was overjoyed.

Because of how long he had been ill, let alone friends, even relatives rarely visited him.

"This is on the condition that you obediently drink your medicine and rest early tonight."

"Mhm mhm, I will." Young Sir Zhu bobbed his head like a chick pecking at rice. This obedient behavior made the two maidservants beside them cover their mouths in amusement.

Qiao Mu did rather like this simple and pure youth. When she saw his lifelessness in the past, she felt super displeased.

The reason was no other that she felt youths like him should be living radiantly under the sun, alright.

It was just maddening to see his affected melancholy!

"Alright, I still have something to do, so I'll be leaving first." Afterwards, Qiao Mu packed up her things and walked out the door. "I'll come pick you up tomorrow night."

"Okay!" Young Sir Zhu waved his paw and expectantly saw her out.

At the main entrance, Qiao Mu just so happened to meet Family Head Zhu, who had hurried over.

Family Head Zhu looked somewhat disheveled. He had most likely just finished some work and hurried over after hearing that she was here to ask about his son's condition.

Zhu Bin hastily greeted her. "Little divine doctor."

Qiao Mu waved her hand. She had never been any divine doctor. It was just that her medical skills were just slightly better than normal people.

"Your son's body has been nursed rather well, and he just needs to continue with the treatment. I switched the prescription today to center around nourishment and repair. He will basically be cured after taking this tonic for three months. Afterwards, he only needs to consolidate his physical condition once or twice."

Family Head Zhu was ecstatic and thanked her profusely.

Qiao Mu continued, "It is rare that tomorrow is the Chrysanthemum Carnival, and I hope to bring Young Sir Zhu out for some fresh air. This will also be helpful to his illness. Suitable exercise is necessary now that

Young Sir Zhu's condition is taking a turn for the better."

Family Head Zhu was taken aback. He subsequently nodded in agreement and personally saw Miss Qiao out the door.

Family Head Zhu kept smiling as he watched Miss Qiao board the carriage and leave.

“Congratulations to Family Head. The young sir’s illness is visibly taking a turn for the better. Later on, perhaps he can also cultivate too,” Manager Zhu commented with joy.

Family Head Zhu nodded. “It is fortunate that we encountered the little divine doctor.”

“It is fortunate that Family Head believed in this little divine doctor.” If it were someone else who saw the little lady’s young age, it was possible that they simply wouldn’t let her treat the young sir’s illness.

“My heart has finally settled down now that Xu’er’s illness can be cured.” Family Head Zhu remarked in relief. “When I go to the underworld in the future, I will be able to reunite with Xu’er’s mother without remorse.”

“Family Head is in the prime of health, and you also have to witness the young sir get married and raise children. If the madam were to know, she would certainly be able to smile with no regrets in the netherworld.”

Family Head Zhu nodded and then suddenly turned stern. “Wengka City has not been too peaceful as of late. You must dispatch more people to protect the little divine doctor and Xu’er tomorrow.”

“Yes, Family Head.” Manager Zhu cupped his hands to accept this order..

### **Chapter 1758 A Visitor**

After smoothly winning multiple matches the next day, Qiao Mu told everybody lazily, “There will be a Chrysanthemum Carnival tonight in the city. I plan to bring Young Sir Zhu out for a stroll. Come along if you want.”

Ma Ta was the first to raise his hands in approval. “I was just about to tell you this. I had also heard other people say that this Chrysanthemum Carnival is super lively. There’s even free chrysanthemum wine for tasting along the street!”

“Oh? Then there is a need to check it out.” Lu Yu, Jiang Shaoxin, and Hua Tao also nodded in agreement.

Afterall, they had been stuck fighting matches every day in the underground battle arena for so long. They were soon going to turn cranky!

Only idiots wouldn’t go out on such a rare opportunity to relax!

“Qiaoqiao, is that young sir from the Zhu Clan the person you’ve been going to treat these past few days?” The glorious deed of Qiaoqiao rescuing Family Head Zhu in passing had long been the talk of the town.

Basically, everyone knew that Family Head You did not hesitate to pursue and intercept Family Head Zhu to rob the latter of a sacred herb, yet the latter was rescued by a little divine doctor in the end.

“Mhn, it is that young sir from the Zhu Clan,” Qiao Mu replied nonchalantly.

Qi Xuanxuan chuckled cheerfully upon hearing this. “That’s perfect then! I heard that the young sir from the Zhu Clan has always been sickly. He should be coming out more often. Let’s drink to our heart’s

content

during tonight's Chrysanthemum Carnival and not go home until we're drunk!"

Yet Duanmu Qing cast her a chilly glance and reminded quietly, "You don't need to compete tomorrow morning?"

These words simply acted like a bucket of cold water and extinguished Qi Xuanxuan's enthusiasm at once.

The little fatty comforted her with a smile, "Savoring several cups is still fine, but forget about getting drunk."

After all, they still needed to compete tomorrow. Speaking of which, each one of them had improved greatly during these twenty or so days of competition.

They gained a lot from actual combat, and with Qiao Mu's gift of spiritual tea as support, basically all of them with the exception of Qiao Mu had advanced a minor rank.

Jiang Shaoxin had entered the phenomenal success rank of level-one spiritual cultivation, Lu Yu had advanced to the initial success rank of level-two spiritual cultivation, while Hua Tao had also entered the entry rank of level-two spiritual cultivation.

The little fatty had improved the most, breaking through to the spiritual realm from peak-rank level-15 mystic cultivation, becoming a level-one entry-rank spiritual cultivator at once.

Qi Xuanxuan, Duanmu Qing, and Ma Ta each made their own advancements, which were level-14 initial success-rank mystic cultivation, level-four entry-rank spiritual cultivation, and level-one peak-rank spiritual cultivation respectively.

Compared to every one who had more or less improved by a minor rank, Qiao Mu's situation was evidently rather strange.

She clearly sensed that that barrier to the spiritual realm was within her reach. It was very, very close!

But no matter what, she seemed to be unable to meet the threshold and continued to be barred from the doors of the spiritual realm.

When she thought of this, Qiao Mu involuntarily shook her head and temporarily tossed this dilemma to the back of her mind.

Just as evening fell, the party boarded two carriages and picked Young Sir Zhu up from the Zhu Residence. Then they headed toward Wengka City's most bustling main street.

At the same time, You Batian, who was currently in a thunderous rage, welcomed an unexpected visitor.

This visitor looked very ordinary. At a glance, he looked no different from the normal people on the street.

However, his eyes were extremely narrow and long, and his voice sounded like that of a castrated person.

“Family Head You, you’re getting plagued with such trouble after failing to obtain the sacred herb. You want to just leave things at this?”

“Who are you.”.

### **Chapter 1759 In Your Dreams**

You Batian was not a fool. He did want to fight Family Head Zhu for the seat of the top patrician family in Wengka City, but he absolutely would not allow his own clan to be put in danger.

“Who exactly are you?” You Batian questioned solemnly.

“You can call me Brother Gou.” That effeminate voice let out a shrill chuckle.

You Batian creased his brows at this.

This person could sneak into his master bedroom without alerting anyone. From this, it was evident that those guards of the You Clan were nothing to him. His cultivation was naturally much higher than anyone in the You Clan.

You Batian did not want to become enemies with such a mysterious person, at least not right now.

From the Zhu Clan’s attitude, they were definitely going to declare war on them. With such a strong enemy at bay, Family Head You did not want to provoke a mysterious enemy, as well.

Hence, he eased his expression and deferentially greeted, “Brother Gou.”

“Why has Brother Gou come to visit so late at night?”

A small and exquisite brocade box suddenly landed in Family Head You’s hands. “Tomorrow, have your clan’s most outstanding member challenge the arena king stage.”

You Batian couldn’t help but give a bitter laugh at this. “That will probably be very difficult. The present arena king is a rich person through and through. She has detonated around ten handfuls of spiritual weapons in these twenty or so days.”

However, Brother Gou simply sniggered sinisterly. “What do you think is in this box I gave you?”

“This is a pill that can instantly triple a person’s strength.”

“What?”

“You only need to send out a disciple with spiritual cultivation. Think about it, what would happen if a level-four spiritual cultivator’s strength triples?”

You Batian sucked in a deep breath.

“Brother Gou has enmity with that young arena king?”

Brother Gou didn't even bat his eyelids at this question. He merely stated, "You need not bother about this. Anyways, you are responsible for killing this person for me."

"Okay." You Batian was also delighted.

He was also eager to kill this little divine doctor. In that way, hell knows if that only heir of the Zhu Clan would become ill again without the divine doctor's treatment.

As long as that only heir of the Zhu Clan stayed a chronic invalid, Family Head Zhu naturally had to divide his attention to take care of him. Therefore, the You Clan would be able to absorb the Zhu Clan sooner or later.

"However, Your Excellency." Family Head You explained embarrassingly, "My eldest son has been held up by some matters and has yet to return to the clan. He will probably take another five to six days. Could Your Excellency extend the time by these several days?"

Brother Gou knitted his brows. "You're certain he can make it by the end of this arena king competition?"

"I am certain." You Batian nodded with a smile, "There are still eight days before the battle arena tournament will end. My eldest son You Hui will definitely make it back in time! It would be better to let that young arena king stay up in the clouds for now. When the competition is about to end, my son will then chase that girl who is unaware of the immensity of heaven and earth from the stage!"

"This feeling of plummeting down to the mud from the clouds must be extremely wonderful."

"Hahahaha." Brother Gou nodded with a shrill laugh, "You are right. Then I will leave this matter all to you!"

"Yes." You Batian also licked his lips in excitement.

In the end, You Batian couldn't resist laughing out loud when he thought of how he could soon vent his frustration from the past few days.

Ha, how many days more did you think you could stay as the arena king, you Qiao lass?

"So that things go without a hitch, I will give your son another item that will ensure certain victory. Come with me."

## **Chapter 1760 – You Must Not Waste It**

Qiao Mu naturally did not know that You Batian and someone of dubious background were in cahoots to scheme against her.

Even if she did know, she would probably just scoff at them.

Did he really think that a miracle drug that tripled one's cultivation really had no side effects?

Taking it gave temporary euphoria, but did he not want his life after that?

Each person could only withstand a certain amount of spiritual energy. If not so, why was there the warning that you could not be greedy and advance prematurely when leveling up?

Once a person's body was subjected to an amount that exceeded the threshold, the person was liable to explode and die.

Qiao Mu was unaware that someone had incited Family Head You to counter her. At this moment, she was leading Young Sir Zhu as well as Qi Xuanxuan and the rest along the prosperous main street of Wengka City.

Both sides of Wengka City's main street were arranged with pots of chrysanthemums today. However, there were very few people who actually brought out chrysanthemum wine for people to savor. But it was to be expected. After all, wine itself was a luxury item nowadays.

This year's Chrysanthemum Carnival was purely about admiring flowers.

"There's no wine!" Ma Ta was disappointed. He had wanted to taste Wengka City's chrysanthemum wine and see how it compared to what he had tried in the past!

Qiao Mu swept him an amused glance. "You want to drink wine?"

"Qiaoqiao has wine?"

"I have superior-quality bamboo leaf brew as well as home-brewed winter fruit wine. Which do you want to drink?"

"Winter fruit wine!" Everybody chimed in unison.

"Then let's go!" Qiao Mu pointed up ahead at a flower rack assembled with chrysanthemum flower pots.

There were several chairs and tables set up there for sightseers to rest.

When they walked over, they saw that many people were sitting at the tables in front of the flower rack.

Someone was holding a cup and judging chrysanthemum wine while swaying his head and reciting a poem.

There were even people impatiently crowded around a table, racking their brains as they held onto bamboo tablets.

"What are they doing?" Ma Ta curiously wormed into the crowd to check it out. He soon squeezed his way back out and told Qiao Mu and them with a chuckle, "They are providing a limited amount of chrysanthemum wine, but you have to correctly guess at least three of the riddles on the bamboo tablet."

"Did you go try?" Qi Xuanxuan and them looked at him curiously.

Yet Ma Ta promptly shook his head. "Don't we have winter fruit wine? No need to go snatch that chrysanthemum wine from other people."

Qi Xuanxuan sniggered. "It's more that you can't figure it out with your inadequate IQ!"

As they spoke, they saw Duanmu Qing coming out from the crowd while holding a miniature jug of wine.

Everybody's eyes lit up at this sight.

"Duanmu, how many riddles did you get right?"

"The maximum."

Everyone: "..."

"How many is the maximum?"

"Twelve riddles."

"All correct?" Qi Xuanxuan blinked curiously.

"Mhm." Everyone pulled over chairs from nearby and sat down at a square table.

They each retrieved a small cup from their inner worlds and took a sip of the wine that Duanmu Qing poured them. They all smacked their lips.

"It's too weak."

"Feels like it got watered down!"

Ma Ta set down his cup in disappointment, while everybody else also set down their cups after a sip.

What was good about diluted wine!

Qiao Mu took out a jade wine gourd from her inner world. "Taste my winter fruit wine."

Everybody performed the same motion of emptying their cups to try Qiao Mu's winter fruit wine.

Yet who knew that an old senior in rags would pop out and cheekily shout while holding a big, chipped bowl, "Don't, don't, don't. You must not let it go to waste! Fellow friends, let me drink it if you don't want it!".